

98 JUVENILE RAMBLES.

But, my dear children, the sun begins to grow warm, and I fancy you begin to grow hungry; we will therefore get home to breakfast, and to-morrow morning we will renew our rambles.

R A M B L E X.



COME and kiss me, my dear Charlotte, and so do you, my pretty Billy! You cannot think how I am delighted, to find you every morning at my

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my chamber-door, ready to attend me on a fresh ramble. Well, you are certainly both of you sweet good creatures!

So, Master Billy, what have you espied in that tree? Oh, it is a bird's nest! I hope you do not long to take it; for it is cruel to rob these pretty little creatures of their nests and eggs, which have cost them so much care and trouble. I will give you some account of these pretty birds, and I think you will afterwards never wish to use them ill.

No sort of birds whatever has more or less than two wings. It is by the assistance of the wings that they skim through the air in that wonderful manner. If you remember, Billy, one of your little companions wantonly cut off part of the feathers of one of the wings of his bird, when the poor little creature was unable to fly; but this was such a piece of cruelty as I think you will never be guilty of.

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